

Brotha Lynch Hung "Nutt Bagg"

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[Intro]

mmmm, im so hungry, i think its time for
dinner...hehe...yeah
Dinner time....hehe
I gotta...
I gotta kill for my dinner, thats what it is.
Seven Provided - The Ingredients to this song, all im
bringin is the salt and pepper and hot sauce ya smell
me...

cuz im a mothafuckin nuttbag!, fill it out

[Chorus]

I dont give a fuck about what you think
I dont give a fuck about what you feel
Drop that album how the truth feels
crack that yack bitch pop that pill
or rock that steel
sittin in a cage i got an appetite to crack and pop that
still
and pop that veal
yall mothafuckaz is not that real
im a nutt bagg

[Chorus (sung part)]

I dont give a fuck bout how you feel, bout me
i kill, for free and until, we meet
I dont give a fuck bout how you feel, bout me
i kill, for free and until, just me

[Verse 1]

Im a gut bag em up and toe tag em
kick like enter the dragon dont ago-
nize me, put rat poison up into my I.V.
try me, took rap niggas right to the crime scene
im a crime scene maker, life taker
take em on the stage and rape em no apron
im scrape his face and face satan
ima take his place and get a jason
mask, better be ready to duck fast
never be ready to face me i cut grass
leavin em dead, i put 3 in his head

and then i feed him to dead and proceed to cut stab
i aint need to flip it i spit sick
got syphilistic ya bitch get licked
im tellin ya this is the sickness shit
im smellin ya this shit can get twisted
im in a rage, i didnt get paid now my life is stuck in a
cage
i stay with the same glock and the gauge
my hearts burnin im turnin the page
anybody who face me i get em filleted
laid in the shade with a bag o naze
i spit sicker than a bag of AIDs
bout to blow back up so i have grenades
get sick ta this get a butcher knife
slit ya bitches wrist now ya took her life
in a 56 and a hooker light
ya bitch is wit me tell her hooker night
im 51 51 50
dont get the hung, lick
ya gon get lit dont sit too rich
lynch is gon get it
gon get to this quick i spit liquid

they call me the nuttbag

[Chorus]

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[Chorus (sung part)]

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ima put average niggas up in the attic
take dead bitches and stab em up in the abdomen
leavin bodies on madison avenue im havin you
for dinner and a movie after i stab at you
you got a bit of the sickness nigga haven't you
its like cocaine so i aint got an attitude
bada bing bada boom im in ya room and all i wanna do
is

sing anotha tune and bring another tool and bring
another who?
get cut up what up shit nutt up wit us get fucked up with
us
or dont fuck with us
get cut up the butt kick shut up ya butt slit
razor blade ya todays the day cuz you paved the way
for 2 days to get ate up
shave his legs and tooth paste get blazed up
eat his brains and put flame in they guts
amarola gassi ya posse you dont see what i see ya not
me
with this shit ima get my monopoly
not even a freight train can stop me
not even the straight cane can rock me
use weed to maintain at top speed
low down ta slow down with the fo pound
oh now ya go now (Ya know now)
im in a rage, i didnt get paid now my life is stuck in a
cage
i stay with the same glock and the gauge
my hearts burnin im turnin the page
anybody who face me i get em filleted
laid in the shade with a bag o naze
i spit sicker than a bag of AIDs
bout to blow back up so i have grenades

[Chorus]

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[Chorus (sung part)]

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[Outro]

she didnt? aight, im up in here
I aint drunk, what you say?
uhhh, aight..she call?
whens the next meetin?

aight we got it then, just let me take this out to the back

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